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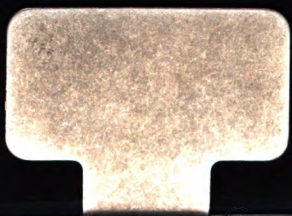
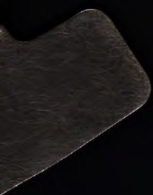
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THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

B. M. GRONOW.

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London:  
REMINGTON AND CO.,  
NEW BOND STREET, W.

1883.

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## THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.

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Within a dimly-lighted Church,  
All decked with festal flowers,  
An Angel stood—on Christmas Eve—  
’Twas in the silent hours,  
When vesper-prayers were over  
And the worshippers gone home,  
To wait until the midnight bell  
To Mass should bid them come.

The Angel stood with folded wings,  
And in his fair, white hand  
He held a golden censer bright ;  
Obeying God’s command  
Not to return to Heaven,  
But to wait in patience there  
Till he could bring the incense  
Of one faithful humble prayer.

B

**2      THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.**

And one poor sinner still remained  
    Within the Church to pray,  
When all the other worshippers  
    Had homeward turned their way ;  
On whom the Angel's gentle eyes  
    In love and pity dwelt,  
But, though he waited for a prayer,  
    The man in silence knelt.

He could not see the Angel  
    With his mortal earth-bound eyes,  
Nor knew that he was waiting  
    To return unto the skies.  
The message sweet of " Peace on Earth "  
    Had touched his heart that day,  
Making him wish for better things—  
    And yet he could not pray.

He felt no peace within his soul,  
    This man by sin defiled ;  
And yet for him the Saviour  
    Had been born a lowly child.

'Twas hard for him to grasp this truth,  
And yet he wished for light ;  
So kneeling there, he tried to pray  
To God that Christmas night.

And when within the Church's walls  
The midnight bell was rung,  
And worshippers came back again  
And holy Mass was sung,  
With folded wings and patient eyes,  
Obeying God's command,  
The Angel still stood waiting  
With the censer in his hand.

He knew his Master would complete  
The work He had begun,  
And that the service of the Mass  
Had caused hot tears to run  
Down the poor sinner's cheeks ; and then,  
At last, he heard the cry—  
“ O God, be merciful to me  
A sinner, ere I die.”

**4        THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.**

The Angel's work was done ; he smiled,  
And—gliding bright and fair—  
On to his Master's throne up-bore  
The incense of the prayer ;  
And God received the incense,  
And the Angels sang in heaven  
For joy, because a sinner's heart  
Was to the Saviour given.

## **“JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ANGELS.”**

**St. Luke xv., 10.**

**When Death comes tenderly, with gentle footstep,  
To take some little child,  
Whose robes—just washed in pure baptismal  
water—  
Are by no sin defiled,**

**Does not the Guardian Angel there attending  
Rejoice that he should come  
To take the child in such unsullied beauty  
To his celestial home ?**

**Just born into the world to be baptized,  
And made the child of God—  
Then his pure soul borne homeward, and his body  
Laid calm beneath the sod :**

## THE ANGEL WITH THE CENSER.

The Angel's work was done; he smiled,  
And—gliding bright and fair—  
On to his Master's throne up-bore  
The incense of the prayer;  
And God received the incense,  
And the Angels sang in heaven  
For joy, because a sinner's heart  
Was to the Saviour given.

"JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD"

—

—

When Death comes to the soul

To take it to the grave

Whose robes are white as snow

water—

Are by the Lord's blood

Does not the Good Shepherd

Give life for the sheep?

To the child in our midst

his eternal love

born into the world to save

And that the child

in his presence



## 6 "JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ANGELS."

The Angel must rejoice that no temptation  
Can to the child come nigh,  
To lure him into sin, and rob his garments  
Of their white purity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet though the Angels love to see young children  
Safe gathered into Heaven,  
Still greater is their joy o'er some poor sinner  
Repentant and forgiven.

The Angel-guardian, who has watched and waited  
So patient all the while,  
Rejoices greatly when he thus beholds him  
Restored unto God's smile ;

And over this one prodigal returning—  
This sheep which once was lost—  
Is joy unfeigned in the holy presence  
Of God's Angelic host.

\* \* \* \* \*

**“JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ANGELS.” 7**

O, happy child ! gone home ere touch of sorrow  
    Could mar thy soul's sweet calm,  
Gone home to learn the song of alleluia—  
    Heaven's glad thanksgiving psalm.

O, happy penitent ! thy sad life ended—  
    Thou art indeed most blest ;  
Thy robes, erst stained, washed in the blood of  
    Jesus,  
    Thy weary heart at rest !

## ENTERED IN.

Far, far away  
From a world of sin,  
Through the gates of Day  
Thou hast entered in—  
All pain and sorrow  
For ever past,  
Thy looked-for morrow  
Has dawned at last ;  
And, though the best  
Be not yet revealed,  
Secure is thy rest,  
And thy pardon sealed.  
O, happy spirit,  
For ever blest !  
Called hence to inherit  
Thy promised rest :

No more uncertain—  
Death has for thee  
Undrawn the curtain  
That hangs o'er me—  
(For I remain  
In a world of tears—  
Oh, the weary pain  
Of these weary years !)  
But, though thy voice  
Could my spirit cheer,  
Yet I can rejoice  
That thou art not here ;  
For all earth's pleasure,  
Could it be thine  
Were nought to the treasure  
Of Life Divine :  
And earth's sweetest roses  
With thorns are rife—  
And death soon closes  
Their frail, fair life.  
O, may *my* spirit

Like thine, be blest—  
Like thine inherit  
Eternal rest ;  
All pain and sorrow  
For ever past,  
May *my* bright morrow  
Dawn fair at last.  
When, far away  
From a world of sin,  
Through the gates of Day  
I have entered in.  
To rest—and wait—  
Till the word is given  
To pass the gate  
Of the new-made Heaven.

## PARADISE.

O Paradise, we never yet have seen thee,  
Nor can our hearts conceive  
The beauty and the happiness within thee,  
But we believe—

That, waking up to perfect peace and gladness  
Within thy walls at last,  
Will more than recompense for all the sadness  
In our life past.

O Paradise, thou lovely purchased city,  
Purchased at such a price !  
'Twas Jesu's Blood—'twas Jesu's love and pity—  
Bought Paradise.

O Paradise, the saints who pass thy portals  
Shall never weep again ;  
And there shall be—O, joy for suffering mortals—  
An end to pain.

O Paradise, in thee sweet voices ringing  
With Angel harp-notes rise,  
While saints below, with yearning hearts are  
singing—  
“O, Paradise!”

Lord Jesus, grant that in the Resurrection  
We joyful may arise—  
To dwell with Thee, the Fount of all Perfection—  
In Paradise.

## CLOUDED SUNSHINE.

There's a cloud on my heart to-day,  
Which hides the bright sun away ;  
I'm weary of care and pain,  
And my tears fall like the rain.

O, pitiful God, in love look down and make me  
rejoice again.

There's a cloud on my soul to-day,  
And I feel too tired to pray ;  
I am halting in my race,  
To the promised resting-place.

O, Father, renew my strength again, with Thy all  
sufficient grace.

There's a cloud on my life to-day,  
But—may be—it will not stay,  
For lo, its edge is bright  
With a softly golden light  
Which tells me the sun is shining still, tho' hidden  
awhile from sight.



This life is a cloudy day,  
But soon it will pass away,  
And we may rejoice again  
In sunshine after the rain,  
If now we will hope, and strive, and pray for the  
“rest” that doth remain.

For the “rest” of a cloudless day  
In a city—far away—  
Where the Lamb shall be the light,  
And the saints, in robes of white,  
Shall walk in the Light that fadeth not, for the  
City hath no night.

## ANGELS' WINGS.

What pure and lovely things  
Are Angels' wings!  
Like a sweet memory  
Continually  
They come before my mind, half real, half  
shadowy.

Their soft and silvery sheen  
I may have seen  
In painted picture rare  
Of Angel fair,  
With graceful form erect, and golden flowing hair.

Or when the busy day  
Has passed away,  
And I have raised my eyes  
To evening skies,  
And watched through fleecy clouds the stately  
moon arise,

Ah, then one little cloud  
Among the crowd,  
White with the moon's pure rays,  
Seemed to my gaze  
To be an Angel-form in attitude of praise.

Or in my dreams at night,  
When forms in white  
Have come and bent o'er me  
Most tenderly,  
And waking, it has seemed a sweet reality.

When I have seemed to hear  
A rustling near,  
Like to a gentle sigh  
Breathed languidly,  
Ah, may be then the Angels' wings were passing by.

Oh, pure and lovely wings,  
Their memory brings  
To my soul, when oppressed,  
Shelter and rest ;  
So in their shadow cool, I sleep, and wake  
refreshed.

## PRAYER FOR DIVINE LOVE.

Father, all just and holy,  
Who from Thy throne above  
Lookest on Thy creation,  
Give me a Father's love.

Jesus, belovèd Saviour,  
When from Thy fold I rove,  
Seek me, O tender Shepherd,  
And win me back by love.

Comforter, Holy Spirit,  
Pure Pentecostal Dove,  
Whatever may befall me,  
Take not away Thy love.

Trinity ever glorious,  
In whom we live and move,  
In this life and for ever  
Give us Thy priceless love.

## DEATH.

“The Sting of Death is Sin.”

O, Death ! sad consequence of Adam's fall,  
All his descendants must obey thy call ;  
    Thou sparest none,  
But comest in bright youth—or manhood's prime—  
Or hoary age—at the appointed time,  
    To every one.

And howsoever happy is the lot  
Of any man on earth—it matters not,  
    Still he must die ;  
And all his wealth and ease—or boasted power  
Be unavailing when the last dread hour  
    Is drawing nigh.

O, would that we were now in Eden fair,  
Without a thought of sorrow entering there—  
    For ever blest ;  
But no—our father sinned, and never more  
Is Eden here, but only on Heaven's shore  
    Is perfect rest !

So, seeing that in Adam *all must* die,  
Let us not weep, nor vainly question why  
    Such fate is given ;  
Shall we not rather for the victory strive,  
That so, in Christ, we may be made alive,  
    And enter Heaven.

Death's sting, the load of unforgiven sin  
Keeps many souls oppressed and dark within :  
    But O, how blest  
Are they whose robes are washed as white as snow  
In Jesu's Blood—'tis these who long to go  
    And be at rest !

(The sad heart-achings, and the longings vain—  
The doubts and fears in the bewildered brain—  
    For ever past ;  
The faith, long sought for—given in the end,  
Jesus received as Saviour and as Friend,  
    Secure at last.)

'Tis these who shrink not from the final strife,  
Knowing that Death is but the gate of Life,  
    A Life Divine,

In a new Eden, fairer and more bright.  
Than our forefather's, where the Perfect Light  
Shall ever shine.

O, happy souls ! thus longing to be free,  
Death's presence unto them shall welcome be,  
Robbed of his sting ;  
And he shall take them from a world of pain.  
To rest, till all the saints shall rise and reign  
With Christ their King.

## OUR BRETHREN AT SEA.

"They that go down to the sea in ships . . . . These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof."—Psalm cvii., 23-25.

A south-west gale is raging  
With fierce and terrible might ;  
The waves of the sea are roaring,  
The elements seem to fight ;  
And swiftly the thought comes to me,  
"There may be some wrecks to-night."

I hear the sound of laughter  
From merry boys in the street,  
All heedless of the danger  
Their brethren may have to meet  
Far out on the stormy ocean,  
Where wildly the billows beat.

Ah, scarcely can they imagine  
The peril and awful dread  
When night her gloomy mantle  
Upon the wide sea has spread,  
And tempest is in the ocean,  
And tempest is overhead.



Let those who dwell in houses,  
From danger of tempest free,  
Be thankful for their safety  
This night, and bow the knee  
In fervent supplication  
For all who are on the sea.

Thus only can we aid them  
Whose need may be now so sore,  
Who may even now be thinking,  
Amid the crash and the roar,  
“Are prayers for us ascending  
From brethren upon the shore?”

Christ bids us pray for others ;  
Then let us obey His will,  
And ask that whate’er betides them  
He will keep their souls from ill,  
And revive their fainting spirits  
With His blessèd “Peace, be still !”

“He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.”—Psalm cvii., 29.

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

Lord of light and glory,  
As I kneel before thee  
Now, at close of day,  
Help me to adore Thee ;  
Teach me how to pray.

I am very weary ;  
O, my Father, cheer me ;  
Draw my heart to Thee.  
Bend Thou down to hear me,  
Saviour,—pity me.

Jesu, do not leave me,  
Though I often grieve Thee  
Watch Thou o'er Thy child ;  
Help me to believe Thee,  
Saviour, meek and mild.

Now, while I am kneeling,  
Watch o'er every feeling,—

Fix my thoughts on Thee  
Lest vain fancies stealing  
Blind or dazzle me.

Ah, how canst Thou love me ?  
Thou so high above me,  
Thronèd in the sky ;  
Let this wonder move me  
To humility.

Lord, I make confession  
Of each sad transgression  
In the closing day ;  
Take Thou the oppression  
Of my sins away.

I am bowed with sorrow,  
And I come to borrow  
Comfort, Lord, to-night ;  
May a bright to-morrow  
Dawn upon my sight.

Watch o'er me while sleeping ;  
So, in Thy blest keeping,

I may peaceful lie  
Till the light comes creeping  
Back into the sky.

Lord, forsake me never ;  
O, let nothing sever  
Me from Thy great love :  
Let me praise Thee ever  
In Thy courts above.

## **CALM AFTER STORM.**

**As the ocean smiles in sunlight  
In her lovely, lovely calm,  
After she has raged at midnight,  
Causing havoc and alarm,  
So may all the pain and sorrow  
Which on earth we have to bear  
Make the sorrowless to-morrow  
Of eternity more fair.**

## LOST AND FOUND.

“He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.”

She stood by his grave alone,  
In the cold moonlight,  
And gazed at the cross of stone  
So purely white—  
And she said—“This sign which gleams  
By my love’s grave  
Only a mockery seems.  
How can it save ?  
For, alas ! he gave his heart  
To the Saviour but in part ;  
And loved *me* most—  
Lost, lost !”

But when she sank on the grave  
In sorrow deep,  
God pitied her—and gave  
A gentle sleep ;

And she dreamed she heard a voice  
From Heaven above,  
Which said—" Poor soul, rejoice  
O'er thy dead love :  
For, at the eleventh hour,  
He owned the Saviour's power,  
And loved *Him* most—  
Not lost ! "

## **“MY SON GIVE ME THINE HEART.”**

In the fickle days of Spring,  
When the birds began to sing,  
And the sun shone through the showers  
Down upon the opening flowers ;  
When, enthralled by things of earth,  
A young heart forgot its worth,  
Then these words to God were given—  
(But they never rose to heaven)  
“Thou hast said ‘Give me thine heart,’  
So I offer Thee a part.”

In the cloudless Summer days,  
When the fierce sun poured his rays  
Down upon the drooping flowers  
Thirsting for refreshing showers—  
When the roses rich and rare  
Lent their fragrance to the air,  
Then a prayer to God was sent,  
Which half-way to heaven went—  
“Take, O Lord, the greater part  
Of my weary, earth-stained heart.”



30 "MY SON GIVE ME THINE HEART."

When the Autumn's rain was shed  
On the rose-leaves lying dead,  
And the restless wind swept round  
With a dreary mournful sound ;  
Then a heart which knew its worth,  
Tore itself from things of earth,  
And an Angel's censer fair  
Bore to heaven a fervent prayer,  
" Jesus, Saviour—take my heart,  
Now I give Thee every part."

When the leafless Winter trees  
Shivered in the northern breeze,  
And the earth was covered quite  
With a snow-pall pure and white,  
Then from dying lips, a moan  
Went right up to Heaven's throne—  
" Jesu, mercy !" and from heaven  
Answer to the prayer was given,  
" Son, thou ever blessed art,  
Thou hast given Me thine heart."

## NIGHTFALL.

Lord of my life, I kneel to Thee again,  
And to Thy feet I bring  
Another day of weariness and pain,  
Accept the offering.  
Keep any good the chastisement has brought,  
And blot out each rebellious word or thought.

Through the dim glass in which I now can gaze  
I find it hard to see  
How so much pain and weariness should raise  
My spirit unto Thee.  
But if it is Thy hand that bears the rod,  
Can I do aught but love it, O, my God ?

No, even when Thy hand has seemed to press  
Too heavily on me,  
I think I never loved Thee, Lord, the less,  
Though I have cried to Thee

To soothe the agony so hard to bear,  
And Thou hast *seemed* indifferent to my prayer.

Many I see around me, strong and well,  
But were I one of such,  
With body free from pain—ah, who can tell ?  
I might enjoy too much  
The present world, and give it all my love,  
Forgetful of the purer joys above.

So may a life of suffering, *in the end*,  
Be rather gain than loss  
If patiently I bear what Thou dost send ;  
Is not my life my cross ?  
Help me to bear it if 'tis Thy desire  
My soul shall rise to heaven thro' suffering's fire.

Out of the deep my spirit cries to Thee,  
In pity, Lord, look down ;  
Thou who on earth didst suffer agony,  
Wearing a thorny crown,  
And even death for us didst not despise,  
Though now Thou reignest King of Paradise !

And now I lie me down to rest again,  
    May sleep's refreshing balm  
Soothe for a little while this racking pain,  
    And wrap my soul in calm ;  
And may I, Lord, when earth's dark night is o'er,  
Awake in joy upon a painless shore.

## PATIENCE.

"In your patience possess ye your souls."—Luke xxi., 19.

"Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise."—Heb. x., 36.

O, Patience, blessèd Patience,  
Great is thy loveliness ;  
In thee, in perfect safety,  
The saints their souls possess.

Thou art indeed a virtue  
We all should strive to win,  
For O, we need thee sorely  
In this sad world of sin.

We need thee in our sorrows,  
Our bitter pain, our cares,  
Our daily little trials,  
And even in our prayers.

O, Jesus, blessèd Saviour,  
In all Thy grief below,  
But for Thy wondrous Patience  
Where were Thy children now ?

If from Thy crown of virtues  
Just *one* Thou hadst let fall,  
Just one—the jewel of Patience—  
Then we had perished all.

But Thou art all perfection,  
And to redeem our loss  
Didst with undying Patience  
Endure the bitter cross.

O, if we *all* had Patience,  
Like Thee our blessèd Guide,  
Discord and strife would vanish,  
And pain be glorified.

Dear Saviour, give us Patience  
To help us in the strife,  
That, after we have suffered,  
We may lay hold on Life.

## CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is here again, the happy season  
Which tells us of our Saviour's lowly birth—  
O, let us not forget the one great reason  
For Christmas joy, in gay or careless mirth ;

But as the shepherds bowed in adoration  
Before the sweet Christ-child in days of yore,  
So let us join in praise and supplication,  
To celebrate His Birthday now once more.

Some may complain the season is a sad one,  
Because some loved ones, who were wont to  
cheer  
The Christmas hearth, and make it such a glad one  
By their dear presence, are no longer here.

But surely vain regrets and sad repining  
Will keep the Christmas light from entering in—  
The light which for a sin-bound world came  
shining,  
For Christ was born to save us from our sin.

Then let us tune our hearts to Christmas gladness,  
For songs of peace seem floating all around—  
And—if our joy must needs be mixed with sadness—  
At least may love and gratitude abound.



## ACROSTIC.

(FOR A FESTIVAL.)

A lleluia sounds again  
L oudly in our Churchs' aisles,  
L et the sweetness of its strain  
E ver change our tears to smiles;  
L ovingly the Angels sing  
U p above the starry sky,  
I n the presence of their King  
A lleluia ceaselessly.

## REST.

There's a word which bringeth  
Comfort to the breast  
More than any other  
That can be expressed,  
Next to our Saviour's name—this word so dear  
is “ Rest ! ”

Perfect rest we sigh for—  
Rest from care and pain ;  
Endless rest we long for,  
Yet can not attain ;  
For earthly rest is brief, and we grow tired again.

Weary in the morning,  
Weary still at noon—  
Weary at the nightfall,  
When, to some, the boon  
Of rest a little while, which ends, alas, too soon.

Oh, how bright and blissful,  
Oh, how greatly blest,  
Are the happy spirits  
Who have entered rest !  
Far greater is their rapture than can be expressed.

Being now partakers  
Of the rest of Heaven,  
What more can they wish for,  
What more can be given ?  
Safe anchored, they no more by tempest can be  
driven.

Only one thing can be  
Greater joy than this,  
Lighting, feeding, crowning  
All their future bliss—  
To meet their Saviour-King, to see Him as He is.

When He comes in glory  
To His waiting Bride ;  
When shall rise the faithful,  
For whose life He died ;  
Then they shall all behold Him, and be satisfied !

May we while in exile  
Far from home and goal,  
While the tempest rages  
And the waters roll,  
Find the sure anchorage of "Rest unto the soul."

Oh, this word, it raiseth  
Hope within the breast  
More than any other  
That can be expressed,  
Next to our Saviour's name. O, blessèd, blessèd  
"Rest!"

## SOMEWHERE BEYOND.

Somewhere beyond the shadows that enshroud me  
The heavenly city lies ;  
I know it—though no glimmer of its brightness  
Falls now upon mine eyes.

Somewhere beyond the limit of creation,  
Above an earthly sphere ;  
Far, far away from human touch or vision,  
Yet, to the soul, how near !

For there is but a river that divides it  
From that dear land so bright ;  
One moment it is this side, in the shadow ;  
The next, in realms of light.

Yet I have had a vision of that river  
Wrapped in the shadows grey ;  
And, when I felt its chilly vapours rising,  
Trembling I turned away.

There seemed no comfort near—no voice to cheer  
me—

No hand to bear me through ;  
Only the chill and darkness of the waters,  
And no bright shore in view.

I turned away, and God in mercy spared me ;  
Yet still the river flows ;  
And men each hour are borne upon its waters  
To rest or endless woes.

And still the city lies beyond the shadow,  
A haven for the blest ;  
A home, where souls come out from tribulation  
Can enter into rest.

Sometimes a light is seen upon the water  
By those who die in faith ;  
By those who feel the arm of their Redeemer  
Forsakes them not in death.

Now I am waiting—very near the river ;  
O, may such faith be mine,  
That I may see a glimmer of Heaven's brightness—  
Across the waters shine !

'Tis possible with God to change our being,  
To give us hope for fear ;  
To give us faith for doubt, and strength for weak-  
ness,  
And grace to persevere.

'Tis possible that He at last will guide me  
To the fair shore of Heaven ;  
With all my doubts and fears for ever banished,  
And all my sins forgiven.

To rest in peace secure—in joy expectant—  
Till the last day shall come,  
When souls with risen bodies reunited  
Shall seek a fairer home.

The fairest home of all, the bright new Heaven,  
Where a new song shall rise ;  
A song of praise, beyond all thought of shadow,  
Beyond, beyond the skies.

## CALLED.

Called from the world's allurements,

Called from its noise and strife,  
To live, for "Jesus only,"

A consecrated life.

Called from the raging tempest,

Called from the billow's crest,  
Into the cloister's haven,

Into a life of rest :

Of rest, and yet of labour,

Obedient to God's word ;  
Of rest from earth's vain pleasures,  
Of work for Christ the Lord.

Called to endure temptation

Still greater than of yore,  
For Satan—'gainst the cloister  
Wages an angry war.

(Because the intercessions

There offered, night and day,  
Loosen his hold on sinners  
O'er whom he once held sway.)



Called, like the blessed Matthew,  
Who rose up willingly ;  
Called, like the fisher-brethren,  
The sons of Zebedee.  
Called to leave father, mother,  
And worldly wealth or fame,  
To give up *all* for Jesus,  
And glorify His name.  
O, consecrated virgins,  
Great your reward shall be,  
When God shall send His Angel  
To set your spirits free :  
Called from the cloister's shadow  
To a more perfect calm,  
Called from your prayers and vigils  
To wear the crown and palm.

But there are many others  
Not called to convent life,  
Who overcome temptation  
And conquer in the strife :

Called to be valiant soldiers  
They fight with flag unfurled,  
Resisting earth's allurements  
In, but not *of* the world.  
Called to be saints—they straightway  
Lift their appointed Cross  
And bear it after Jesus,  
Counting all else but loss ;  
Loving their Lord and Saviour  
They walk in holy fear,  
Helped by the intercessions  
Of cloistered brethren dear.  
And *all* who follow Jesus  
In steadfast faith and love  
Shall rise through death to glory,  
And reign with Him above.  
Called, from a life of labour,  
To where all labours cease ;  
Called from a weary warfare  
To sweet unending peace.

## CHILDHOOD.

To be a child again !  
This is the wish of many an aching heart  
When forced from all it holds most dear to part ;  
And yet the wish is vain,  
For childhood, like most other cherished things,  
Returns no more when once it spreads its wings.

And change must come to all—  
The budding flowers, so fresh and fair in Spring,  
We watch with joy, scarcely remembering  
How soon their leaves must fall ;  
But we behold, 'mid Autumn's wind and showers,  
How fleeting is the childhood of the flowers.

O happy childhood days !  
Before the spirit droops, and feels within  
Its deep responsibility for sin,  
And error of its ways ;

With scarcely faith to ask to be forgiven,  
Weary of earth, yet unprepared for Heaven.

O, restful days and sweet,  
Before the limbs are tired, or heart grows cold,  
And our life-story still remains untold—  
Restful but incomplete ;  
We *feel* content, yet vaguely hope for more  
From out the unknown future's golden store.

Golden ? Ah, could we guess  
The sorrow and the pain of coming years,  
Our childhood would be saddened by dark fears,  
And lose its loveliness :  
But God, in mercy, keeps our future dim,  
And bids us leave it trustingly with Him.

And now we come to see  
The grand sweet secret of a childhood life,  
Which may continue ours through all the strife  
Of later years ; for we  
Who mourn for sin, and wish to be forgiven,  
Must come as children to the Lord of Heaven.

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For thus He bids us come,  
As children, always in humility ;  
So then as children we must live and die,  
And when He calls us home,  
Where there is no more sorrow, pain, nor sin,  
Our new and endless childhood shall begin.

## A FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

Brother, thou liest low ;  
    Death doth enfold thee,  
We who have loved thee so  
    No more behold thee ;  
Only the eye of God  
Pierceth the Churchyard sod.

Soul, thou hast reached thy home,  
    Safe, now, for ever,  
Where evil cannot come,  
    And naught shall sever  
Thee from a rest divine,  
Since once that rest is thine.

Thou who so lately passed  
    Death's gloomy portal,  
Now hast laid hold at last  
    On life immortal,  
And—in thy pure array—  
Waitest the Judgment Day.

Body, whose present state  
    May seem inglorious,  
We lay thee down to wait,  
    Until, victorious,  
Thou, with all saints shalt rise  
To live beyond the skies.

Now all thy toil is o'er—  
    Past all thy weeping ;  
Thou shalt feel pain no more,  
    But, in God's keeping  
Restest beneath the ground  
Till the last trump shall sound.

Then—ere the promised goal  
    Flashes before thee—  
Thou shalt reclothe the soul  
    In thy new glory  
Never to fade or die—  
Fair for Eternity !

So we can feel for thee  
    Joy with our sorrow,  
Knowing that thine will be  
    Such a bright morrow.  
Farewell then, brother blest,  
We leave thee to thy rest.



## EASTER MORNING.

I awake ! 'tis Easter morning,  
With its light the world adorning,  
And a voice within my heart,  
Which I would not have depart,  
Seems to whisper " Rise and pray,  
Jesus Christ is risen to-day ;  
Go, meet Him in His temple, and your laud and  
tribute pay."

Now from many a Church's steeple,  
Bells tell out to Christian people  
News which once the Angel gave  
By our Saviour's empty grave :  
Bidding all the tidings heed  
That the Lord is risen indeed,  
And how from Death's dark terrors all His ran-  
somed saints are freed.

Flowers from the earth are springing,  
Happy birds their matins singing,

And a light which is divine  
Seems o'er everything to shine ;  
And the air seems perfumed sweet,  
As we haste with joy to meet  
Our risen Lord and Saviour, and to worship at  
His Feet.

May our Saviour grant His blessing  
As we kneel, our sins confessing,  
And refresh us by the way  
With His presence sweet to-day ;  
That, renewed by heavenly grace,  
We may still pursue our race,  
And, at the last great Easter, may with joy behold  
His Face.

## HERE AND THERE.

Here—all around is sorrow, sin, and sighing,  
The joys of earth are fading, friends we love are  
dying;  
The whole Creation groans, each heart has some  
distress,  
And knows alone the weight of its own bitterness.

There—far away, in the golden, golden Heaven,  
To each ingathered saint a crown of life is given;  
His tribulation past, his robes washed pure and  
white,  
Now nought for him remains but pleasure infinite.

## PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

She had feared the river Death  
Her whole life through ;  
She had shivered with dread, and gasped for breath  
When it once had come in view.

But now that she was laid  
Upon the brink  
She could gaze upon it without dread  
That she in its depths would sink.

And one who had drawn near  
To say " Good-bye "—  
Seeing that she had lost all fear,  
Wondered, and asked her why.

Then came the ghost of a smile  
Upon her lips,  
Like a sunset ray that rests awhile  
Where the rippling ocean dips.

58 PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

And she said, "I once had fear  
As great as thine ;  
But, since I have come to Death so near,  
It is lost in love divine.

"I have prayed so much for faith,  
And it is given ;  
So now I know I shall pass through Death,  
Safe home to the shore of Heaven.

"And I have prayed for the love  
Which casts out fear ;  
And—since it is sent me from above—  
I know that my God is near.

"I can *feel* the Angels' wings  
Around my head,  
And I have such visions of holy things  
While on my dying bed.

"I would not now go back  
To earthly life,  
The struggle along the narrow track,  
And the weary, weary strife,

“ Nor to the broad smooth road  
Which men but find  
Leads them away from the things of God,  
And gives them no peace of mind.

“ O, pray *thou* faithfully  
And God will hear ;  
Now, in thy health, pray earnestly  
For the love that casts out fear.

“ Pray, in the daily strife  
That must be thine ;  
Pray, in the weary march of life,  
For a fearless end like mine.”

She ceased—and awhile she lay  
So still, so white ;  
It seemed that her spirit had passed away,  
To realms of eternal light.

And she never woke again,  
But passed—in sleep—  
From a life of weariness and pain,  
Safe home, through the waters deep.

60 PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.

Then said her friend, " May faith  
Like hers be mine,  
That I may peacefully pass through Death,  
Made brave by a love divine.

" She had so dreaded Death,  
Until God gave  
The perfect love, and the steadfast faith,  
That made her, at last, so brave.

I have seen God's love to-day,  
For He has even  
Taken all *cause for fear* away ;  
And called her—in sleep—to Heaven."

## ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

'Twas only a lock of hair,  
Found on the wounded breast  
Of a fair young soldier, lying low,  
Found there when the wound was dressed.

'Twas only a lock of hair,  
But very near his heart;  
And the surgeon, when he moved it, saw  
Sad tears to the blue eyes start.

What! only a lock of hair?  
A small thing, some might say,  
But precious to him, for it once had graced  
A dear head, now far away.

And may be a lock of hair,  
Or some such little thing,  
To a dying heart can comfort give  
Past our imagining.



'Twas only a lock of hair,  
But perhaps it had been given  
By the hand of one who first had led  
His boyish thoughts to Heaven.

'Twas only a lock of hair—  
But, when the wound was dressed,  
His pleading eyes, and outstretched hand  
Plainly his wish expressed.

So they laid the lock of hair  
On his heart, fast growing weak,  
And the fevered fingers clasped it there,  
While his thanks he strove to speak.

'Twas only a lock of hair,  
But the wan lips smiled again ;  
And the dim blue eyes were raised to Heaven  
Where there is no more pain.

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'Twas only a lock of hair,  
On a fair young soldier's breast—  
But the smile on the dead lips seemed to say  
His soul had gone to rest !

## WASTED FLOWERS.

In the morning hours  
Children gather flowers ;  
Each one is a prize  
To their eager eyes ;  
And everything around seems bright  
In their unthinking young delight.

But at noontide they  
Throw the flowers away ;  
Faded in their bloom—  
Stale their sweet perfume,  
Because the children took no care  
To keep their beauty fresh and fair.

When the sun has set  
They begin to fret,  
Wishing they had got  
Flowers which they have not ;  
Knowing that it is now too late  
To gather more—they mourn their fate :

Yet, when stars down peep,  
Ere the children sleep,  
Lying snug in bed,  
They are comforted  
In thinking of the morning hours,  
When they again may gather flowers.

But, when night is o'er  
And they wake once more,  
Skies are overcast—  
Rain is falling fast ;  
And so they early learn that they  
Should never throw their flowers away.

Thus in every stage  
From childhood to age,  
If we throw away  
Blessings of to-day,  
To-morrow we may sigh in vain  
To have those blessings back again.

## SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER.

Saint Martin's beautiful summer

Is here again :

No pitiless heat, and no tempest,

Nor mist, nor rain ;

But beauty from all the seasons

Seems woven now

Into a glorious chaplet

For the year's brow.

Saint Martin's beautiful summer

Is sweet and fair ;

A frosty yet balmy freshness

Pervades the air ;

And heartfelt and loving praises

Rise now to God,

Who—crowning the year with goodness—

Provides our food.

Saint Martin's beautiful summer  
 Is here once more,  
 With all its sweetness and sadness  
 As heretofore ;  
 The leaves on the trees are glowing—  
 Bronze, red, and gold ;  
 And yet 'tis a dying beauty  
 Which we behold.

A little while, and the glory  
 We gaze upon—  
 The bronze, the gold, and the crimson—  
 Will all be gone :  
 The leaves will lie crushed and faded,  
 Their beauty fled ;  
 The year will cast off his chaplet  
 Withered and dead.

Saint Martin's beautiful summer  
 Will soon be past,  
 And drearisome days may follow  
 With skies o'ercast ;

But thoughts of the present beauty  
    May still remain,  
And the lesson God would teach us  
    Not be in vain.

For surely all earthly beauty  
    To man is given  
To help him to love the Giver,  
    And hope for Heaven ;  
And they who through tribulation  
    Reach that fair shore,  
Shall bask in celestial beauty  
    For evermore.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hark! how sweetly on the air  
Christmas bells are pealing,  
Unto hearts oppressed with care  
God's dear love revealing—  
Telling how His Son He gave  
Erring souls to seek and save.

Long it is since to the earth  
Came God's Angel holy,  
And announced the Saviour's birth  
To the shepherds lowly ;  
But the tidings are the same  
Which the Church-bells now proclaim—

Unto us a Child is born :  
Let us sing His praises  
Who the world from death forlorn  
To salvation raises—



Glory to the Holy Child,  
Born to be our Saviour mild.

Unto us a Son is given—  
And—while earth rejoices,  
Praise is sung in highest Heaven  
By Angelic voices—  
Glory be to God above,  
And on earth be peace and love.

O, how beautiful must be  
Christmas-tide in Heaven ;  
There is perfect harmony—  
While—distressed and driven—  
Men, though blessing Jesu's birth,  
Fail to live in peace on earth.

Though the Sun of Righteousness  
On the world has risen,  
Saints are mocked for holiness,  
Priests are cast in prison—  
Many have in love grown cold,  
Many wander from the fold.

Let us then, while on the air  
Christmas bells are pealing,  
Hasten to God's House of Prayer;  
And, before Him kneeling,  
While we bless the Saviour's birth,  
We will pray for "Peace on Earth."

## THE DYING YEAR.

The Year is dying—dying—  
Its hours are numbered,  
’Twill soon be past ;  
The wind seems sighing—crying—  
“Thou long hast slumbered ;  
Wake up at last.”

Some have their watch been keeping,  
Their lamps bright burning,  
Through the past Year ;  
While others—idly sleeping,  
From God were turning  
When He was near.

While He was waiting for them  
In loving-kindness,  
They heeded not—  
While He was watching o’er them  
They, in their blindness,  
His love forgot.

The Year is dying—dying—  
With all its beauty,  
With all its pain ;  
The wind seems sighing—crying—  
“ Wake up to duty,  
Live not in vain.”

Old Year, we fain would keep thee.  
A little longer—  
We love thee so ;  
We mourn thee now, and weep thee,  
Our love grown stronger  
Since thou must go.

Alas ! we cannot bind thee ;  
E'en now is ringing  
Thy passing knell ;  
And we remain behind thee,  
In sadness singing  
Old Year—farewell.

## EXCELSIOR.

### I.

The year was young, when, at the dawn of day  
A Baby in his cradle lay asleep—  
His Guardian Angel watched him as he lay,  
While through the chamber light began to creep,  
And watching, sang—

“Excelsior !”

The Baby turned him in his sleep, and smiled,  
Unconscious of the journey he must go ;  
While through the window gazed the Angel mild  
Upon a mighty mountain capped with snow ;  
And gazing, sang—

“Excelsior !”

### II.

Upon a lovely morn, in early Spring  
There walked a beautiful and fair-haired Boy,  
And, as he walked right sweetly did he sing  
A song which told of youthful hope and joy ;  
'Twas thus he sang—

“Excelsior !”

The mountain, tall and dark against the skies,  
    Stood near—and singing to its base he went,  
With untried courage beaming in his eyes  
    And swift began to climb the steep ascent,  
    While still he sang—

“Excelsior!”

III.

Morn was advancing, in the month of May,  
    When climbed a Young Man up the mountain-  
    track ;  
Rough-strewn with stones, and narrow was the way,  
    Yet on he struggled, never looking back ;  
    The while he sang—

“Excelsior!”

His limbs were strong, his heart with hope beat  
    high,  
But he had journeyed far enough to know  
That toil and danger might his courage try  
    Ere he could reach the top, white-capp'd with  
    snow,  
    Yet still he sang—

“Excelsior!”

## IV.

'Twas June, and fierce the sun at mid-day burned,  
When stood a trav'ler on the mountain-side,  
A Man of middle age, with sad eyes turned  
Upon the world below, so fair—so wide—  
And a voice sang—

“Excelsior!”

Was it an Angel's voice?—he deemed it so,  
And, turning from the scene which looked so  
fair—

From shady woods and valleys down below,  
He journeyed onward in the mid-day glare  
And bravely sang—

“Excelsior!”

## V.

Summer was waning, and the dreary day  
Wore slowly on. Far up the mountain height  
A Pilgrim toiled, whose hair was streaked with grey,  
But in his eyes still beamed a hopeful light;  
The while he sang—

“Excelsior!”

The grass was scorched and withered and the air  
Still and oppressive, while the world below,  
Had he turned backward, scarcely then looked fair,  
But towards the mountain-top white-capped  
with snow  
He gazing, sang—

“Excelsior!”

## VI.

'Twas evening in October—and the breeze,  
Chill on the mountain, fanned the furrowed cheek  
Of a Wayfarer, who, upon his knees  
Prayed as he gazed upon its snow-clad peak,  
Then, rising, sang—

“Excelsior!”

The moon-lit world looked beautiful and bright;  
Summer seemed lingering for a last adieu,  
But the worn Traveller on the mountain height  
Strove but to keep the toiled-for goal in view;  
And still he sang—

“Excelsior!”



## VII.

One winter's night, with feeble step and slow,  
An aged Pilgrim reached the mountain-crest,  
And sinking down upon the pure white snow,  
He fell into a sweet untroubled rest;  
No more to sing—

“Excelsior!”

There, on the mountain, peacefully he lay,  
His journey over, and all trouble past,  
To rest until the dawning of the Day,  
Should waken him to endless joy at last,  
Praises to sing

For evermore!

THE END.











